

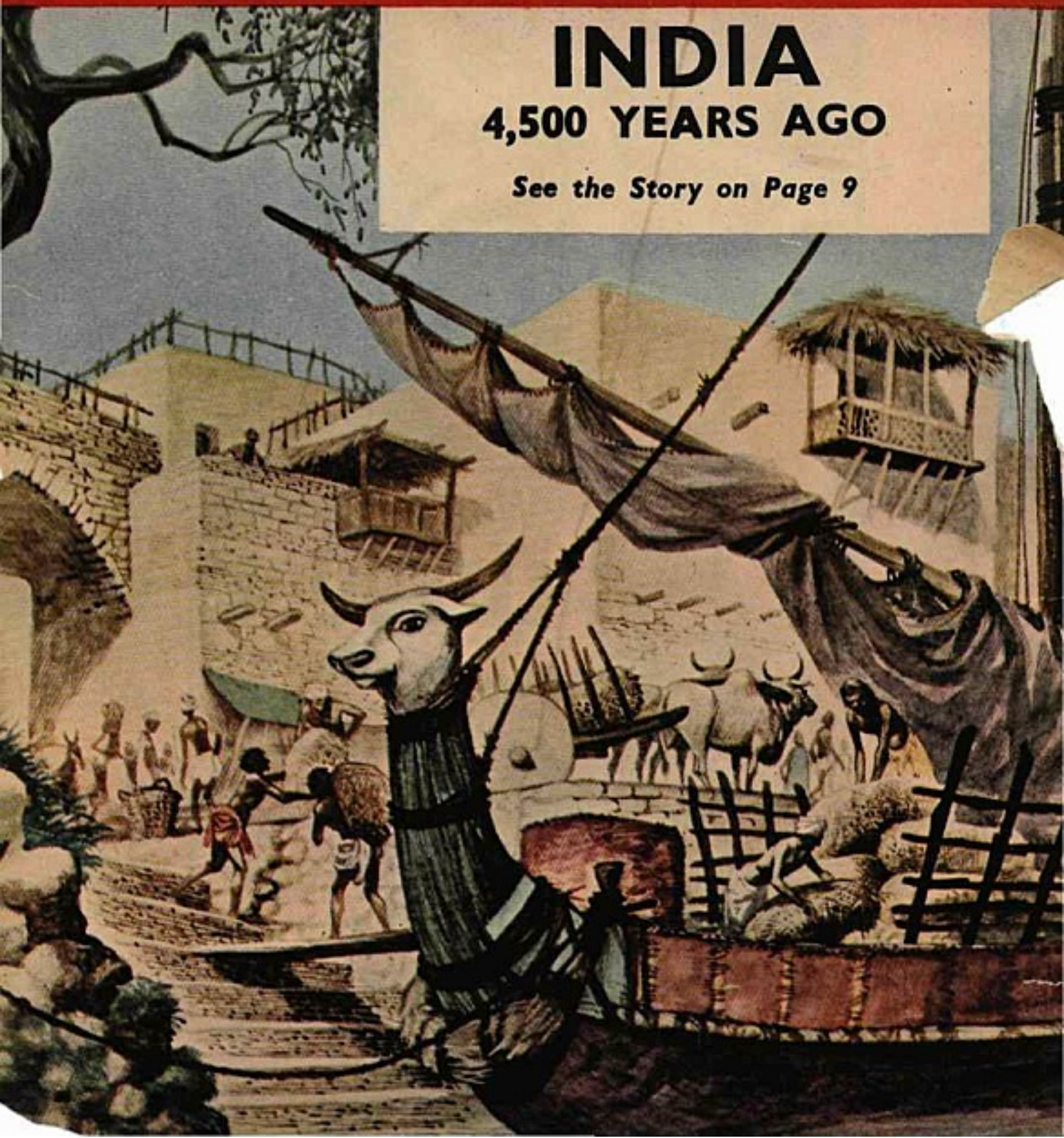
CHANDAMAMA

SEPTEMBER 1971

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SEPTEMBER 1971

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Perjury in Court

It was a bright sunny day, and Ramesh idly sauntered along the road back to his village. He was in a happy frame of mind because he had managed to sell his bullock cart for a good price. The new owner was too short sighted, to notice that the bullocks were too old to pull even themselves along.

As he wended his way along the road, who should he meet but Narasing, the oil vendor, with a large jar of cooking oil balanced on his head.

"If that is good cooking oil you have, I will buy it," said Ramesh, stopping the vendor. "What is the price?"

"You can have the whole jar for nine rupees," replied the vendor.

"Nine rupees, you must be mad," said Ramesh indignantly. "I will give you five rupees for the jar."

"Why not offer one rupee and be done with it," retorted the vendor, who was fed up with people haggling over his prices.

"I'll stand no cheek from you," shouted Ramesh, waving his walking stick under the vendor's nose.

Poor Narasing the vendor, tried to step back, but in doing so stumbled, and sat down on the ground with a thud. His precious jar of oil rolling into the ditch, splattering oil everywhere.

"Serves you right," shouted Ramesh, and went on his way chuckling merrily to himself.

A few minutes later, Arjun, a ne'er do well, who fondly believed there were easier ways of making money than by working, came along the road and stopped when he saw the oil vendor sitting by the roadside bemoaning his loss.

"What is the matter with you?" he asked.

Narasing told Arjun of his argument with Ramesh, and how he lost all his oil.

"Wait a minute," said Arjun thoughtfully. "You can easily get your own back on this Ramesh. We will go to the magistrate and complain that Ramesh attacked you and beat you with his stick. I will back your story, then Ramesh will certainly be made to pay you damages."

Narasing thought this would be a fitting revenge, and the two conspirators, picking up the empty oil jar, eagerly wended their way to the village where Ramesh lived.

On the way, Arjun suggested that they should share whatever damages that were awarded, but in the meantime, as an act of good faith, Narasing should advance him five rupees.

Narasing thought his newly found friend deserved the five rupees he gave him. When they arrived at the magistrate's court and lodged their complaint, Ramesh was sent for.

When Ramesh arrived at the court, and listened to the story the two men recited, his face was a study. "It is all lies,"



he shouted, getting very red in the face.

The magistrate looked at Ramesh. "As there is a witness who swears that you brutally assaulted this oil vendor, you must pay for the loss and the injuries he sustained. So I order you to pay the man the sum of twenty rupees."

When they left the court, Arjun lost no time in asking Narasing for his share of the damages.

"But I have already given you five rupees," said Narasing. "And I think that is ample payment, so be off with you."

Arjun did not mean to take this lying down, so ran after Ramesh who was still mutter-

ing curses under his breath.

"I realise now that I did you a bad turn," said Arjun, catching Ramesh by the arm. "But you can have your own back on that oil vendor if you wish. Go back to the magistrate and swear that the oil vendor attacked you, as you were leaving court. I will say I witnessed the incident."

Ramesh was so mad at the oil vendor, that he readily agreed to Arjun's plausible suggestion. So back to the court they went, and spun a blow by blow account of the oil vendor's murderous attack on Ramesh.

The magistrate listened patiently to this lurid story, then sent an officer to bring the oil vendor back into court.

When the oil vendor made his appearance, the magistrate seemed quite content to sit back in stoney silence and listen to the three men give their ver-

sion as to what occurred.

Now this magistrate was allergic to lies. Just as some people break out into a rash if they come near a cat or a strawberry, so did deliberate untruths revolt the magistrate. He had heard far too many lies in his time, and he was hearing far too many now.

Banging his fist on his bench, the magistrate glared at the three men. "I have listened to two cases involving you three men. And in both cases there has obviously been perjury."

"But I assure you,"—stated Ramesh.

"Sit down," intervened the magistrate. "You are all guilty of telling lies. You Ramesh, and you Narasing, are both fined fifty rupees for committing perjury. And as for you Arjun you are the main culprit, and it is my pleasure to award you with six months imprisonment.



OUR COVER STORY

THE LOST CIVILISATION OF THE INDUS VALLEY

On the front cover our artist illustrated what the Indian city of Mohenjo-daro must have looked like, about four thousand five hundred years ago. It was a busy, lively city and there was always plenty of coming and going, for it was built on the banks of the River Indus. The big trading ships,

which sailed up and down the river, all stopped there and the market-place was always bustling with noisy traders, from many different places. Often traders from Mohenjo-daro itself would set sail for foreign countries with their goods. Many seals, like those used by the Assyrians for signing their letters, have been found. You can see some of them on the next page.

Clay toys which the children of ancient India used to play with



The most important place in the city was the citadel, which was built on a mound. Here there was a palace and a granary, where food was stored. There was also a Great Bath, which had a waterproof floor and a drain to carry away the dirty bath water.

Beyond the citadel lay the rest of the city. It was planned in squares and all the roads were long and straight. Little alleyways led down to the houses, which were built round an open courtyard.

The houses were small and square, with flat roofs and they looked just like little boxes, but they were pleasant to live in.

The top of each house was built of bricks made of mud and dried hard in the sun, but the bottom was made of bricks which had been baked in an oven. These bricks were much harder and so kept out the damp.

When it was cool, the family could sit upon the flat roof. At other times, the women could gossip out in the courtyard, while the children played with their toys.

Inside the houses were baths and lavatories and wells and they had drains which ran into brick-lined sewers in the streets, so that there was no refuse around to smell badly.

There was another city, just like Mohenjo-daro, four hundred miles away. This was the city of Harappa. For hundreds of years, their people lived in peace and comfort, but at last the two cities were destroyed, probably by invaders who made their way into India and settled there.

Other people tried to conquer India. The Persians conquered part of the north west and after them the Greeks came, but India was too big for them to conquer.

Seals which were probably used for stamping bales of goods.





THE BLACK ROBBER

Centuries ago, the ancient kingdom of Vidarbha was ruled by a king who had three sons. When his wife died, the King married again, and the second queen also had a son. As the years went by, the queen became more and more embittered at the thought that her three stepsons had prior claim to the throne, so there was little possibility of her own son ever becoming the monarch.

One evening the queen con-

fided her troubles to her old nurse, who had a reputation for dabbling in the murky depths of witchcraft.

"To your Majesty nothing is impossible," advised the old nurse. "With a little imagination you can see that your son succeeds to the throne."

"How can that be possible, whilst my stepsons are alive?," asked the queen.

"Listen carefully," confided the old nurse. "Let your son

invite his half-brothers to a game of dice, and I will provide your son with a set of magic dice so he cannot lose."

"But what will the stakes be?" queried the queen.

"That is simple," chortled the nurse. "The losers must carry out any wish of the winner. So your son can command them to fetch him the three magic horses owned by King Somadav, and like everyone else who has tried, they will most certainly be caught and executed."

The queen thought this was a beautiful scheme, and no time was lost in arranging the game of dice. Thanks to the magic

dice, the queen's son won easily, and the three princely brothers were promptly commanded to steal the magic horses belonging to King Somadav.

The three princes were aghast at such a formidable task, because it was well known throughout the entire land that King Somadav showed no mercy to anyone who even touched his horses. Without a word of protest, the three princes agreed to this mad scheme, and rode off early one morning to Somadav's kingdom.

As they neared their destination, they suddenly found their road barred by a solitary horseman, dressed from head to foot in black.

"Halt," he commanded. "Who are you? And where are you going?"

"We are princes of Vidarbha," replied one of the princes, spurring his horse forward. "And if you must know, we plan to steal King Somadav's magic horses."

The man in black burst out laughing. "I admire your audacity, although like you, it may be short lived. I am the notorious black robber, and for the fun of it, I will at least help you to get into King Somadav's



The three princes meet the Black Robber

stables."

Late that night the three princes and the black robber scaled the palace walls. The black robber, who seemed to know his way around, led them silently to the stables. Making sure that no guards were in sight, they opened the stable doors, but as they slipped inside the horses neighed loudly, and before they could find a place to hide, they were roughly overpowered by grooms and the guard, and unceremoniously thrown into a dungeon.

The following morning the four prisoners, heavily guarded, were taken into a large cavernous chamber, and standing along the far wall, were four great cauldrons with fires beneath, and from the acrid smell, these huge pots contained boiling oil.

Then into the chamber strode the king, obviously in no merciful mood. Glancing at the prisoners, he suddenly stopped and peered at the black robber.

"So, we have caught you at last," he exclaimed. "But who are your three accomplices?"

"These three young men are my companions," replied the black robber. "And they are



The Black Robber and the King

princes of Vidarbha."

"Princes, or no princes, for daring to steal my horses, the penalty is death," roared the king, and pointing to the black robber, he went on. "Do these princes realise how close to death they are?"

"Your Majesty," returned the black robber. "These princes are no nearer to death than I was sometime ago. Yet here I am still alive."

"Not for long, you villian," chortled the king. "But tell me how you escaped death, and if your story pleases me, I will let the youngest prince go free."

And so the black robber told his story—Once there were three beautiful princesses who had a curse put on them, so that at night they turned into horrible witches.

Now these three witches put a curse on me and made me turn to robbing for a living. But one night I resolved to find out more about the witches, and when I searched through the forest, I discovered them in a cave, sitting around a huge cauldron cooking their food. I took up a large boulder and threw it at the cauldron. The cauldron burst into hundreds of pieces, splattering boiling food everywhere

I ran for my life, but the witches could run faster, and in the end I had to take refuge in a tall tree. But the witches were not to be done out of their prey. The first witch turned one of the other witches into a big axe, the other into a ferocious hound and started to chop down the tree. After only two strokes, the tree began to topple and I realised that death was very near. Just then a cock began to crow, and the three witches turned back into princesses, and walked away, hand in hand, chattering gaily to each other.

"That certainly was a narrow escape," said the king. "So I



will set the youngest prince free, but now the other two are closer to death than you have ever been."

"Not so, Your Majesty," said the black robber. "A short time ago I was closer to death than they are."

"Well, let us hear this story," said the king. "And providing it sounds good, I will set one of the other princes free."

This is the story the black robber recounted—

Last month I stole two fat cows from a farmstead, and driving them home through a deep wood, I suddenly felt tired, so I tied the two cows to trees, and laid down to rest.

I had hardly closed my eyes, when thirteen tigers came on the scene. Their leader was a huge fellow, who promptly leaped on one of the cows and killed it. After eating some of the animal he left the rest to the other tigers to enjoy, and attacked the second cow.

I lay there petrified, because I knew my turn would be next. Gathering up my courage, I made a dash for the nearest tree, with all the tigers at my heels. But I managed to climb out of harm's way.

The angry tigers started to



The tree crashed onto the lion claw the trunk of the tree, ripping the bark and the wood to shreds. Soon the tree started to creak and sway. Then hurtling through the forest came twelve roaring lionesses, led by a massive lion. Soon there was a tremendous battle royal, and in the end only the lion was left alive.

There stood the lion, covered in blood, glaring at me, when suddenly my tree gave an agonising screech and crashed to the ground, killing the lion in its fall. So once again I narrowly escaped death.

"Bravo!," exclaimed the king. "That was a miraculous escape,

so the second prince is now reprieved. That leaves us with just one prince who is now on the verge of death."

"But," said the robber with a sigh, "I can recall when I was a lot closer to death than this prince."

"What, another story?" roared the king. "Let us hear it, and may be if it sounds true, I will let this other prince go free."

At one time, the robber said, I was so successful in my livelihood, I decided to engage an assistant, who had a reputation of being a first class thief. For our first job together, we agreed to rob a ferocious giant who lived in a cave high in the mountains.

When we reached the giant's hide-out, we found that the entrance was a hole in the ground, with a sheer drop of about one hundred feet to the floor of the cave. Luckily we had brought a coil of strong rope with us. Lowering the rope, I asked my assistant to go down and collect the booty. He seemed scared, so I went.

The cave was full of treasure, and I quickly collected a bag of gold pieces, which I tied to the end of the rope, and shou-

ted to my assistant to haul it up. This he did, but when I called for the rope to be lowered so that I could climb out, my assistant just laughed at me, and made off with the gold and the rope.

There I was in the cave, with no means of escape, entirely at the mercy of the giant when he returned. After hours of waiting, full of unquieting thoughts as to my impending doom, a rope was lowered and down came the giant. What a hideous monster he was. Fully thirty feet tall.

I stood in the shadows of the cave, and when the giant's back was turned, I carefully edged my way to the rope and quickly climbed up to freedom. But the giant noticed me out of the corner of his eye, and was soon in hot pursuit.

I climbed that rope like a monkey, but the giant, with his enormous reach, could climb faster. I was nearing the top, gasping from exertion, when the giant made a grab at me. I was so frightened I let go of the rope, and fell on the giant, and the force of my fall caused him to lose his hold on the rope, and we both crashed down into the cave. The giant

landed with a crash like thunder, and every bone in his body was broken. Luckily I landed on top of him, and his huge body acted like a cushion, so I got to my feet unhurt.

"After hearing such a story, I shall have to let the other prince go free," said the King, stroking his beard. "Now that only leaves you, so you are now closer to death than you have ever been."

"Not so, Your Majesty," said the robber. "I can certainly recall when I was closer to death than now."

"This had better be good," said the King. "If you hope to save your miserable hide."

Many years ago, recounted the robber, I was wandering through the forest, when I came upon an old woman with a small child in her lap. The old woman had tears streaming down her face, and I noticed she was holding a knife in her hand.

When I asked her what was the matter, she poured out a most pitiful story. It appeared that three brother giants kidnapped the old woman, who was a nurse, and the child from some palace. The giants had ordered the woman to kill and



cook the child for their dinner. I told the woman not to worry, as I would soon find a young pig, which she could cook and the giants would not know the difference.

I caught a piglet, which the old woman cooked, and we hid the child in some bushes close to the hut. When the giants returned to the hut and sat down to their dinner, I hid in the kitchen, wracking my brains as to how to rid the world of these beasts.

To my dismay, one of the giants suddenly walked into the kitchen, and grabbed me before I could hide. He threw me across his shoulder, but I managed to draw my dagger and stabbed him repeatedly in the back.

One of the other giants hear-

ing the noise, came rushing into the kitchen, but I was hiding behind the door, and before he could turn, my dagger ended his useless life.

The third giant came roaring into the kitchen, brandishing a big club, and when he saw the bodies of his brothers, he let out a terrible oath, and threw the club at me. I jumped to one side, and as the giant bent to pick up his club, I jumped on his back and stabbed him through the heart.

"It is true! It is true!" shouted the king, jumping out of his chair, and embracing the black robber. "I was that child. My parents searched everywhere for you. Now I have found you."

King Somadev's joy knew no bounds. He wanted to heap gifts on the black robber and on the princes. Afterwards, it

was agreed that the black robber would stay in the king's service, and the king bade the princes to take his magic horses, but he added with sly grin, "Have no fear, they will never stay with strangers and will soon come galloping back home."

When the princes returned home with the magic horses, their step-mother hid her chagrin at their safe return, by incessant chatter as to what a great man her son would be with his magic horses, certainly more famous than any king.

Alas, when her son went to lead the horses to the stables, they reared up on their hind legs, sending the son headlong and galloped off back to King Somadev's stables.

Thereafter, the queen seemed to lose interest in her son ever acquiring the throne, and so, the three princes were left in peace.



THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

Over one hundred years ago, Robert Browning wrote this great Poem, based on the legend about the town of Hamelin in Germany. This Poem has always been a great favourite of young and old throughout the world. You might find it fun to read aloud.

Hamelin Town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin, was a pity.

Rats!
They fought the dogs
and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup
from the cooks' own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday Hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking:
"Rouse up, sirs!

Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate,

we'll send you packing!"
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

An hour they sat in council;
At length the Mayor broke silence:
"It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—





I'm sure my poor head aches again,
I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber-door but a gentle tap?
"Bless us," cried the Mayor,
"what's that?"

"Come in!" the Mayor cried,
looking bigger;
And in did come the strangest figure!
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red,
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin.

He advanced to the council-table:
And, "Please your honors,"
said he, "I'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep or swim or fly or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole and toad and newt and viper;
And people call me the Pled Piper.

If I can rid your town of rats
Will you give me a thousand guilders?"
"One? fifty thousand!"
—was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor
and Corporation.

Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while;
And ere three shrill notes
the pipe uttered,
You heard as if any army muttered;
And the muttering
grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew
to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the houses
the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats,
lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats,
gray rats, tawny rats,

Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
 Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
 Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
 Families by tens and dozens,
 Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
 Followed the Piper for their lives.
 From street to street
 he piped advancing,
 And step for step
 they followed dancing,
 Until they came to the river Weser,
 Wherein all plunged and perished!

You should have heard
 the Hamelin people
 Ringing the bells till they rocked
 the steeple.
 "Go," cried the Mayor,
 "and get long poles,
 Poke out the nests
 and block up the holes!
 Consult with carpenters and builders,
 And leave in our town not even a trace
 Of the rats!"—when suddenly,
 up the face
 Of the Piper perked
 in the market-place,
 With a "First, if you please,
 my thousand guilders!"

A thousand guilders!
 The Mayor looked blue;
 So did the Corporation too.
 "Besides," quoth the Mayor
 with a knowing wink,
 Our business was done
 at the river's brink;
 We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
 And what's dead can't come to life,
 I think:
 But as for the guilders, what we spoke
 Of them, as you very well know,
 was in joke.



Besides, our losses
 have made us thrifty.
 A thousand guilders!
 Come, take fifty!"

The Piper's face fell, and he cried,
 "No trifling! I can't wait, beside!
 I've promised to visit by dinner time
 Bagdat, and accept the prime
 Of the Head-Cook's pottage,
 all he's rich in,
 For having left,
 in the Caliph's kitchen,
 Of a nest of scorpions no survivor:
 And folks who put me in a passion
 May find me pipe after another fashion,"
 "How?" cried the Mayor,
 "d'ye think I brook
 Being worst treated than a Cook?
 You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
 Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

Once more he stept into the street,
 And to his lips again
 Laid his long pipe
 of smooth straight cane;
 There was a rustling
 that seemed like a bustling

Of merry crowds justling
at pitching and hustling;
Small feet were pattering,
wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping
and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farm-yard
when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music
with shouting and laughter.

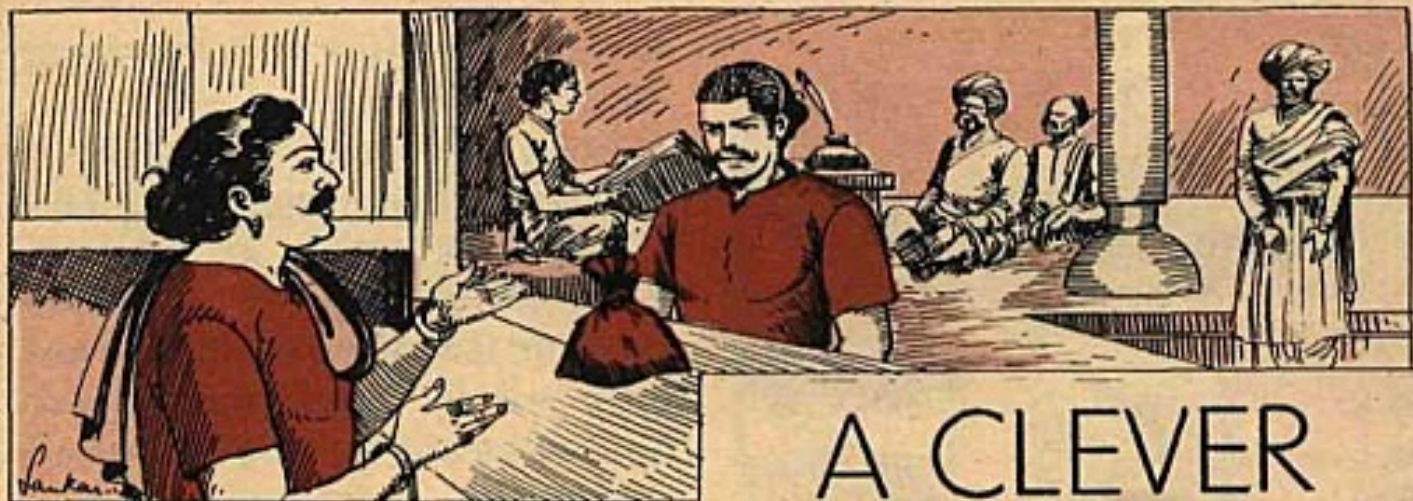
The Mayor was dumb,
and the Council stood
As if they were changed
into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by,
—Could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of
their sons and daughters!

However, he turned
from South to West,
And to Koppelberg Hill
his steps addressed,

And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.
"He never can cross that mighty top!
He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!"
When, lo, as they reached
the mountain-side,
A wondrous portal opened wide.
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced
and the children followed,
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain-side shut fast

Alas, alas! for Hamelin!
The Mayor sent East, West,
North, and South,
To offer the Piper, by word of mouth,
Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
And bring the children behind him.
But when they saw 'twas a lost
endeavour
And Piper and dancers were gone
forever,
They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great
church-window painted
The same, to make
the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away,
And there it stands to this very day.





A CLEVER BANKER

Manichandar was a very successful banker. Whoever approached him for a loan, never went away empty handed. Mind you, Manichandar was an excellent judge of character, so there may be some truth in the saying, that he never incurred a bad debt.

Now in a neighbouring village, was another banker named Jagadesh, who was by no means as successful as Manichandar, no doubt due to his dubious methods in business. Nevertheless, Jagadesh just could not understand how Manichandar could expand his business so rapidly when he lent money to all and sundry, without ever demanding any security.

In the end Jagadesh's curiosity got the better of him, and he resolved to find out exactly

how Manichandar conducted his business. So he went and saw Manichandar and requested a loan of a thousand rupees. Manichandar had heard plenty of stories about Jagadesh and his shady methods in lending money, so was naturally curious as to why Jagadesh should come to him for a loan. Surely there was some trickery behind this.

Anyhow, he agreed to loan Jagadesh the money, on the understanding that the loan plus interest, was repaid at the end of a year.

A year passed, and Manichandar sent Jagadesh a note demanding repayment of the loan plus the accrued interest. Back came a letter from Jagadesh regretting that he could not make any payment at present, because he had to



buy a lot of mango seedlings for his orchard.

On reading this, Manichandar merely shrugged his shoulders and recalled to mind that old saying that patience was a virtue. At the end of the second year, Jagadesh again replied to Manichandar's demand for repayment, expressing his regrets but unfortunately, so far he had been unable to buy the mango seedlings he required.

Manichandar could see that this would go on year after year, as Jagadesh had no intention of paying unless he was forced to. But he waited for another year, in order to give

Jagadesh enough rope to hang himself.

Then he sent Jagadesh a charming invitation to attend a religious ceremony he was performing. But sly Jagadesh thought that if he attended, not only would Manichandar ask him awkward questions, but all the village might get to know he had not paid his debt. So he sent his mother to represent him at the ceremony.

When the mother arrived at Manichandar's house, she was shown into the best guest room, and when they were alone, Manichandar told her that he must speak in confidence "Mother," he whispered. "I have to explain to you that your son took a loan from me three years ago, and as he cannot afford to repay the loan at present, he has sent you here as a pledge against the loan. Now if this story got out, your son would be disgraced. The only sensible thing to do, is to keep the affair secret, by you remaining in your room and seeing no one. I will see that you have every possible comfort."

The mother had no alternative but to agree, but inwardly



Manichandar explains to Jagadesh's mother

she cursed her son for this sorry state of affairs.

Next, Manichandar started a lot of rumours, that the mother of Jagadesh had visited him and they had quarreled violently. By mischance he had struck the woman and she had died and had to be secretly buried. In no time, these rumours gathered momentum, and ugly stories soon reached the ears of Jagadesh that his mother had been most foully murdered.

Jagadesh immediately set off to Manichandar's house and when he arrived there, Manichandar happened to be sitting

on the porch. Without waiting to alight from his conveyance, Jagadesh shouted. "I have come to collect my mother."

Manichandar slowly made his way to where Jagadesh was standing. "Your poor mother," he murmured. "I am afraid it was a stroke."

"Do not lie to me," shouted Jagadesh. "You killed my mother, because I did not pay my debt."

"I must confess," Manichandar said quietly. "It will be as difficult for me to produce your mother as it would be for you to produce the money you owe me."



By this time a crowd of gaping villagers had gathered, avidly waiting to hear some more gory details, to all those rumours they had heard.

Turning to the onlookers, Jagadesh cried out. "You heard what he said. I will be back before evening with the money I owe this wretch. Let him then produce my mother. If he does not, I will have him charged with murder."

Towards dusk Jagadesh returned, and was pleased to see that by now all the village was there waiting to devour the next episode in this melodrama.

Flinging a bag of money at Manichandar's feet, Jagadesh shouted for all to hear. "There is your money, complete with interest. Now produce my mother."

With a sly grin, Manichandar

picked up the bag of money and quickly went into his house, to reappear just as quickly leading Jagadesh's mother by the hand.

"Here is your mother," he said.

Jagadesh was struck dumb. So were the onlookers. Without a word, Jagadesh took his mother and left the village, bitterly realising the shrewdness of Manichandar when it came to money matters.

Deft definitions: Psychologist—a man who, when a good-looking girl enters a room, watches everybody else (*Punch*) . . . Confirmed bachelor—one who thinks that the only thoroughly justified marriage was the one that produced him (*Harlan Miller*) . . . Press agent—a man who hitches his braggin' to a star (*Hedda Hoppe*) . . . Parking space—an unoccupied area along the curb on the other side of the street (*Cedric Adams*)



When I awoke the next morning, I had the fright of my life. For there were two gigantic rats on the bed coming towards me. I quickly drew my sword, and as the first rat made to attack me, I stabbed it in the body. At this the second rat got scared and jumped off the bed.



Soon afterwards my mistress came into the room, and when she saw I was covered in blood-stains, picked me up in her hand. She decided that her nine year old daughter would be my guardian.



My guardian was very good natured, standing about forty feet high. Her doll's cradle became my bed.



One day a friend of my master called, especially to see me. But I could not help laughing aloud, because his eyes looked like great big full moons, shining through his spectacles.



The old fellow was rather annoyed at my laughter, and privately suggested to my master that I should be put on view on market day in a nearby town.



My master evidently thought this a good idea, and carried me in a box on the saddle of his horse, with his daughter, my guardian, up behind him.



Although the journey was not long, I was terribly shaken, and thrown from one side of the box to the other.



On reaching the town, announcements were made everywhere, for the people to come and see my miniature figure. At the local inn, I was placed on a table which must have been three hundred feet square. My master's daughter asked me questions, which I answered as loud as I could. I then drew my sword and did a few antics to amuse the crowd.



My master finding my show very profitable, decided to take me to the capital city. It was a long tiring journey, and I was forced to give shows at every stopping place.



The endless jolting on the horse everyday, put a severe strain upon my health. I was reduced in weight, and the master's daughter shed tears at my plight.



I became so popular in the capital that one day my master received a summons from the court that Her Majesty wished to see my diminutive figure.



At the court I amused the Queen when I knelt and kissed her little finger. She asked me if I would like to reside at the palace. To which I answered I would be honoured to serve Her Majesty.



My master sold me to the Queen for a thousand pieces of gold. I begged the Queen to allow my master's daughter to remain with me as my guardian, to which Her Majesty readily agreed.



I was greatly relieved that now I would never be ill-treated, and I tried to explain to the Queen all the hardships I had to endure travelling through the country.



I soon became a favourite of the Queen. Then one day she took me in her hand to show me to the King. At first the King thought I was a mechanical doll, but when he heard my voice, he realised I was some form of human being.



The King took to me after a while, and impressed on the Queen that every care must be taken of me.



A little bed chamber, sixteen feet square, was built for me, and beautifully furnished for my comfort.



Every day after dinner, I had to tell the King some of my experiences, and the different countries I had visited.



The Queen grew very fond of me and carried me everywhere. She loved to hold me up in front of a mirror and watch my expressions.



A dwarf at the court, he was scarcely thirty foot high, became very jealous of me, and one day when I was having dinner with the royal family, he dropped me into a bowl of cream.



MAHABHARATA

The story so far:

The enmity between the Kaurava and the Pandava princes deepens with the passing of time. After Yudhishtira had performed the Imperial sacrifice and had been proclaimed Emperor, Duryodhana conspired with his uncle Sakuni to cheat the Pandavas. Their vile scheme to invite Yudhishtira to a game of dice is crowned with success. Playing against loaded dice, Yudhishtira loses game after game. His empire and his wealth, his slaves and all his possessions, were all staked and lost. The madness increased, and Yudhishtira staked his brothers, then himself, and then the fair Draupadi, and lost! Thus the Emperor of Indraprastha and

his family became the bond-slaves of the wily Duryodhana. But the old king Dhritarashtra, tormented by his conscience, released them from actual slavery.

After Yudhishtira and his brothers left the gaming hall, each trying to solace the tearful Draupadi, and angry discussion broke out between the Kaurava princes and their father, the blind king Dhritarashtra.

Duryodhana was seething with anger and upbraided the old king unmercifully. "Why did you release them from bondage?" he shouted. "Cannot you realise that now they are free, with the help of their powerful allies, we shall have no peace."



Duhsasana insults Draupadi

The old king tried hard to regain his regal dignity. "You speak foolishly, my son," he said. "Your mind is besotted with the downfall of our cousins, the Pandavas. Yet never will you realise that your madness will lead to the destruction of us all."

"Such talk is nonsense," angrily replied Duryodhana. Then turning to the assembly, he went on with his tirade. "Do you not all agree that we must defeat these arrogant Pandavas by guile. If they are now permitted to go free, sooner or later they will turn

on us, and conquer this kingdom. So I say, now is the time for us to deprive them of all their power and glory."

There were immediate shouts of assent from his brothers, and from such hotheads as Karna, but Vidura and Drona remained silent.

"As you all seem bent on courting disaster," said the old king in a melancholy voice, "Tell me, what do you propose to do?"

"It is all very simple," said Duryodhana, with a sly look at his uncle Sukani. "We shall invite Yudhishtira to another game of dice. If he wins, then he shall regain all that he has lost. But should he lose, then the Pandava princes will have to endure twelve years of exile. In those twelve years, assuming they lose," he went on with an evil chuckle, "We shall be able to make ourselves so powerful the Pandavas would no longer be a threat to our kingdom."

As usual, the weakwilled king gave in to Duryodhana's arguments and the entreaties of his other sons, and it was agreed to invite Yudhishtira to a further game of dice.

When the invitation was handed to Yudhishtira, his

brothers Arujuna and Bhima exclaimed hotly that this was yet another trick to disgrace them, and the invitation should be treated with scorn. But Yudhishtira argued that a challenge to a game of dice cannot in honour be refused; and at least it was an opportunity to win back all that they had lost.

So Yudhishtira once again sat down to play against Sakuni, who was obviously gloating and anxious for the game to start. Before the dice were thrown, it was announced that the stake would be the return of Yudhishtira's empire if he won, but if he lost, then the Pandava princes would go into exile in the forest and remain there for twelve years and spend the thirteenth year incognito. If they should be recognized during the thirteenth year, then they would have to undergo a further twelve years of exile. Only when their exile had been justly completed, would their kingdom be restored to them.

This ominous stake should have warned Yudhishtira that the game would be crooked. Be he seemed a mere pawn in this intrigue, and needless to say, he met with defeat, and the



Bhima's terrible threat

Pandava princes solemnly took the vows of those who are to go into the forest in exile.

The Kaurava princes were jubilant at last and lost no time in deriding and making fun of the Pandavas, who stood there glumly, in stoney silence. Duhsasana not to be outdone, tried to take Draupadi by the arm. "Come with me," he said boldly. "Let them go into the forest, but you can stay with us and choose a new husband."

With one bound, Bhima pushed Duhsasana roughly aside. "Hold your vile tongue," he



Queen Kunti consoles Draupadi

said savagely. "And mistake me not, for the day will surely dawn when I will shed your life's blood on the field of battle."

Bowing to the elders in a parting salutation, the Pandava princes strode resolutely from the hall and headed for the palace chambers to take their leave from their mother, Queen Kunti.

The dowager queen blessed her sons, and embracing Draupadi she said. "Grieve not my daughter, if bitter fortune ordains this parting, for you will find that virtue and righteous truth have their consolations."

Then before they left, Queen Kunti asked Draupadi to take special care of Sahadeva who,

unlike his twin brother, did not enjoy good health.

When the Pandavas set out for the forest, the people who thronged the streets openly wept, and many shook their fists towards the palace, at such blatant injustice to their princes.

The blind Dhritarashtra sent for Vidura and asked him to describe the departure of the princes into exile.

Vidura answered gravely. "This is a sorrowful day for the kingdom, but destiny cannot be changed. The people are accusing you and your sons of driving the princes into exile. I fear that this day's deeds will bring terrible retribution to the Kauravas."

Duryodhana, hearing Vidura's ominous words, turned to Drōna and said. "Surely you agree that what we have done, is right?"

Drōna sadly shook his head; "I believe that the Pandavas are of divine birth and are unconquerable, yet my duty lies with the sons of Dhritarashtra. I will strive with you, but destiny is all powerful, and when the Pandavas return, we shall have to fight a war which the gods have ordained we cannot win or survive."

BIOGRAPHY

Nehru



BIOGRAPHY

Kennedy



BIOGRAPHY

Tito



BIOGRAPHY

Haile Selassie



BIOGRAPHY

Kennedy

JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY. (seen overleaf) was born in 1917 the son of Joseph Patrick Kennedy who was American ambassador in Britain from 1937 to 1941.

During the Second World War, Kennedy served in the American navy and was in command of a ship that was sunk by the Japanese. For towing an injured man to the shore he was awarded the Purple Heart and the Navy Medal.

He entered the House of Representatives as a Democrat in 1947 and in 1952 became a senator.

On 20th January, 1961, he was inaugurated as the 35th President of the U.S.A.

His assassination in Dallas, Texas, on 22nd November, 1963, ended a life devoted to furthering world peace.

BIOGRAPHY

Haile Selassie

HAILE SELASSIE, the Emperor of Ethiopia, was born on 23rd July, 1891. His father was Ras Makonnen.

When he was 14 he became the governor of Harar province and since his aunt, Zauditu, was empress, he became the heir to the throne and the regent.

In 1928 Haile Selassie became King of Negus and, on the death of Zauditu in 1930, became Emperor of Ethiopia.

The national title of Haile Selassie is Negus Negesti Lion of the tribe of Judah, Elect of God.

In 1935 Italy conquered Ethiopia and Haile Selassie appealed unsuccessfully to the League of Nations for help. As a result, from 1936 to 1941, he lived in exile in England. In 1941 his throne was restored to him.

BIOGRAPHY

Nehru

THE first prime minister of independent India in 1947 was Jawaharlal Nehru, the son of Motilal Nehru.

In 1918, he joined the Indian Home Rule League and became closely associated with Mahatma Gandhi. He was, however, not such a pacifist as Gandhi and spent many years in prison for his views.

Part of his policy when he became Prime Minister was to encourage development by a series of five year plans.

During his life Nehru took a great interest in the welfare of children, and now Pandit Nehru's birthday on the 14th November, is celebrated as 'Children's Day'. Pandit Nehru was admired by almost everyone and, when he died in 1964, he was mourned not only in India but also throughout the world.

BIOGRAPHY

Tito

MARSHAL TITO of Yugoslavia (shown overleaf) was born Josip Broz in 1890. He was the son of a blacksmith and, as a young man, worked as a farm labourer.

During the Second World War he organised a very successful underground movement against the Germans. It was in 1942 that he first took the name Tito.

In 1943 he became president of the Liberation Committee and after the war, Peter II of Yugoslavia was exiled and the country became a republic. Tito then took the office of prime minister.

Yugoslavia broke with Moscow in 1948 but this did nothing to decrease Tito's popularity. The constitution was revised and in 1953 Tito was elected president of Yugoslavia.



KIDNAPPED

In the great forest, close to the city of Kampilya, lived an elderly widow. The old woman, whose husband had died many years ago, managed to eke out a frugal living by collecting medicinal herbs, which she sold in the city.

Late one night, the old woman was awakened by the sound of horsemen outside her cottage. Before she could get to her feet, there was a loud knock on the door. When she opened the door, she was startled to see a number of men, all heavily armed. Without saying a word, they pushed passed her and crowded into the cottage.

"What do you want?" asked the old woman timidly.

"It is alright mother," said one

of the men, who by his attire and bearing, was the leader. "From now onwards you will prepare food for my men every night. You will be well paid, but breathe a word of our existence, and you will never see the next sunrise."

The old woman was far too frightened to refuse or even argue, and from that night onwards, she cooked food for ten men, who came silently in the hours of darkness, ate the food and departed. Although the money they paid her was more than she had ever seen before, her life was uneasy for there were many ugly rumours of robbing and murder taking place in the city every night.

At that time Kampilya was ruled by King Satyovarman,



a powerful ruler and a great warrior. The king had a daughter, the comely Princess Sundari, and because of her great beauty and her father's vast kingdom, there was no lack of suitors for her hand in marriage. The most persistent suitor was the arrogant and cruel Chandavarnam, King of Souvir, but his debaucheries were the talk of the land, so the princess treated him with utter contempt.

So enraged was Chandavarnam, that he swore that come what may, he would possess this proud princess, even if he had to resort to force.

Another suitor was the charming Prince Avanish, whose father ruled a small kingdom in eastern India. When the prince met the princess, they were both taken with each other, but the prince ruefully felt that coming from an almost penniless kingdom, his chances of winning the princess were rather forlorn.

One evening the disconsolate prince was wandering through the forest, when he chanced to pass the old woman's hut. Feeling thirsty, he stopped and asked the old woman for a drink of water. When he went inside the cottage, he was rather intrigued at the sight of a very large pot of food cooking on the stove.

"You must have a big family to feed," said the prince, pointing to the pot.

"Yes," replied the old woman. "I have ten men to feed tonight. But thank goodness, they say they will be leaving for somewhere in the north."

"Who are these men?" he asked.

"I wish I knew," said the woman dubiously. "Ever since they have been coming here there have been terrible murders and violence in the city.

I fear that they are wicked and shall be glad when they have gone for good."

The prince could see that the old woman was uneasy and seemed to be listening for the sound of her mysterious men to return. It would certainly be interesting to meet these men. So giving a prodigious yawn, the prince asked. "As it is getting late mother, can I stay here for the night?"

The old woman threw up her arms in dismay. "You must go. If these men find you here, they may very well kill us both. So please go."

The prince tried to console the woman, and promised to come and see her again. When he left the cottage, he did not go very far. Selecting a big shady tree, the prince climbed to a branch that gave a good view of the cottage, and made himself comfortable to await the return of the old woman's unwelcome guests.

Around midnight he heard horses coming through the forest, and he watched the ten men dismount outside the cottage. There were two pack horses. On one there appeared to be a large bundle, and on the other, two casks. Must be

wine, he thought, as two of the men unroped the casks and carried them into the cottage.

As soon as the men were inside, the prince descended from his lofty perch and, keeping to the shadows, approached the cottage. There wasn't much need for stealth, for the men had already started drinking, and their shouting and singing would drown any sound he would make.

Looking at the horses, the prince was sure that the men had not covered any great distance, and eyeing the bundle on the pack horse, the prince wondered what it could con-

The prince hid in a tree





tain. When he felt the bundle, he was sure it was a human being trussed up in a blanket. Carefully lifting down the bundle, the prince quickly undid the covering, and to his astonishment, inside, gagged and, bound hand and foot, was Princess Sundari.

Removing the gag, the prince whispered to the princess not to make a noise. Then as he loosened the ropes she was tied with, she told him in a few hurried words, how these men had abducted her from the palace.

The prince weighed up the

possibilities of taking two of the rogue's horses and making a run for it. Then he had a better idea. "It is of no use attempting to escape now," he told the princess. "Those rogues might overtake us, then your life would be in danger. You hide in the bushes, and when the rogues have gone, go into the cottage and the old woman there will look after you until I return."

Once the princess was safely hidden from view, the prince wrapped the blanket around himself and managed to hoist himself across the back of the pack horse, fervently hoping that the rogues would be too bemused with drink to examine their precious cargo.

Soon afterwards the rogues came reeling out of the cottage, and several were so drunk that they had to be assisted on to their horses. Deep into the forest they rode, and the prince was glad when at last they stopped at an old discused hut. Two of the men lifted the bundle off the pack horse, and with curses as to its weight, carried it into the hut.

The prince dare not move, and after what seemed an age, all he could hear were loud

snore, so apparently the rogues had decided to sleep off all the wine they had consumed. Carefully wriggling out of the blanket, the prince made sure that all the men were asleep. Once outside the hut, the prince selected the fastest looking horse, and getting onto its back, rode at a full gallop for the palace at Kampilya.

When he arrived there, the whole palace was in a turmoil. The princess had vanished, and already search parties were scouring the city, and the king's cavalry were ready to search the forest.

Making straight for the king, who was surrounded by ministers all talking at once, the prince intervened. "Your Majesty, the princess is safe, and I will take you to her. But first let me lead your men to where the rogues, who kidnapped her, are sleeping."

The king wasted no time in asking for an explanation, and soon a strong body of cavalry, led by the king with the prince at his side, were galloping through the forest.

The rogues, still befuddled with sleep, offered little resistance and were soon overpowered. The leader of the band,

with the king's sword at his throat, was only too eager, in the hope of mercy, to confess that King Chandavarnam had promised them a huge sum to abduct the princess.

"I will see the wretch pays," said the king angrily. Then turning to one of officers, he ordered. "Take these felons and hang them."

Later, the king and the prince rode to the old woman's cottage, where they found the princess safe and happy, in the care of the old woman.

As soon as they returned to the palace, the king ordered his army to conquer the Kingdom of Souvir, and to bring him King Chandavarnam dead or alive. As it turned out, the Souvir army mutinied at the sight of the vast invading army, and the despicable Chandavarnam was slaughtered by his own men.

Not long afterwards the prince and the princess were happily married, and the king gave a pension to the old woman of the forest.

Egotism—usually just a case of mistaken nonentity (Barbara Stanwyck)

PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST

Here's the opportunity for you to win a prize
Winning captions will be featured in the November issue



- ★ These two photographs are somewhat related. Can you think of suitable captions? Could be single words, or a dozen words but the two captions should be related to each other.

- ★ Prize of Rs. 20 will be awarded to the best double caption.

- ★ Entries must be received before

30th September, otherwise they cannot be considered.

- ★ Your entry should be written on a postcard, giving your full name and address, together with your age, and sent to:

Photo Caption Competition,
Chandamama Magazine,
Madras-26.

Result of Photo Caption Contest in July Issue

The prize is awarded to
Miss. Sherry Ann Rodrigues,
Rose Villa, 1st Floor,
St. Thomas Church Colony,
Goregaon (East), Bombay 63.

Winning entry — 'A Western Bride' — 'An Eastern Pride'

THE SHEPHERD WHO SAVED AN EMPEROR

Long ago, in Russia, lived an Emperor named Dushan, a brave man and a good ruler. His people liked him and he was a happy man, except for one thing. He had not yet got a wife.

Deciding it was time he got married, Dushan sent a messenger to the king of a nearby country, asking if he could marry Princess Rosa, his lovely daughter.

When King Michael received Dushan's message, he thought it over for a while. Though he pretended to be a friend, he secretly hated Dushan and wanted to get rid of the Emperor and take over his land.

He now saw his chance to do this in a cunning way. He sent back a reply that Emperor Dushan could marry his daughter, but he must come with a procession of richly-dressed courtiers to fetch her. "However," the king added in his message, "Dushan must not bring his two nephews with him. They are well known as

trouble-makers and I will not have them at my court."

The two nephews, Paul and Peter, were big, strong men and great warriors. They always rode with the Emperor and they were his bodyguards. They were skilled at hunting and fighting and no men were as brave as they, but when Emperor Dushan heard what the king had to say, he was very angry. "A curse upon my nephews," he said. "I did not know that they were so much disliked in foreign countries. I will go without them and when I return I will banish them from my kingdom."

The two nephews were looking after their estates and knew nothing about the Emperor's journey, until they saw the gay procession of all the richest men in the land, riding across the plain near their castle.

"Why have we not been invited to ride with the Emperor?" asked Peter.

"I do not know, but he is going on a journey with no



bodyguard to defend him," said Paul.

Then their old mother spoke. "Your younger brother, Ivor, is tending the sheep in the mountains," she said. "Go and tell him to join the procession in disguise as a humble servant. Emperor Dushan has not seen him for many years and will not know him."

Ivor, the shepherd, was fetched and Peter gave him his own horse, which could gallop as fast as the wind, while Paul dressed him in a fur cap and cloak made of sheepskin. Ivor rode after the procession and when he reached it, he joined the servants and asked if he could help them in return for his food.

They agreed and all went well until at midday, Ivor fell fast asleep, just as he always did when he was a shepherd in the hills. His horse no longer felt the firm grip on its rein and at once it ran forward to the front of the procession, where Peter and Paul usually rode beside the Emperor. Some of the noblemen were angry that this shabby shepherd had joined them and wanted him punished, but the Emperor was amused and had him awakened. "Let him ride at my side if he wishes," said Dushan. "Today I am happy."

At last, they came to King Michael's land and as they rode through it, a messenger came to meet them. "King Michael loves his daughter and will not easily let her leave him," said the messenger. "He will only agree to the marriage if one of the Emperor's nobles agrees to meet the king's chief warrior in combat. If he will not do so, none of the party shall return alive."

The fame of King Michael's champion warrior was well known in all Russia, for he was a great fighter and none of the gay courtiers in the Empe-

ror's procession dared to fight him. For the first time, Emperor Dushan began to be sorry that he had not got his two strong nephews, Paul and Peter, with him.

"If my nephews were here, we should not seem so weak in front of these foreigners," he said sadly. "Peter and Paul are my best warriors and I am lost without them."

When he heard these words, Ivor offered to be the Emperor's champion. Dushan looked at the shabbily-dressed shepherd and then at his courtiers, but none of the nobles made a move to help him.

"Go then, Sir Shepherd," he said. "Do what you can to save my honour and all of us from destruction."

At first, the king's warrior refused to fight such a ragged-looking fellow, until Ivor taunted him to fight.

Then he rode angrily at the shepherd, but Ivor's horse, which Peter had given to him, was well used to swift battle.

It wheeled and danced out of the way, while Ivor used his club so skilfully that the king's man was beaten. Ivor sent his sword spinning to the ground and smashed his lance and made



the beaten warrior kneel and beg for his life.

Then another messenger came from the king to Emperor Dushan. "The king says that he will only give his daughter in marriage if one of your warriors can show his skill by shooting an arrow so that it splits an apple in half, fifty paces away," he said.

Again, Ivor the shepherd came to the aid of the Emperor, for he was the only one who could do this.

Then the king said that he would only give Princess Rosa to Emperor Dushan, if he could pick her out from a group of beautiful maidens. The Emperor despaired of doing this, for he had never seen her. Neither

had any of his people, but again Ivor stepped forward.

"Let me look for the princess, my lord," he said. "I can tell every one of my sheep apart and I may be able to recognise the princess, for I saw her brother in the streets of the city today. I have learnt to recognise each sheep, so I may be clever enough to pick out the princess by her likeness to her brother."

The test took place in the palace of the king. The maidens were brought and Ivor was

able to pick out the princess, by her likeness to her brother.

"This is Princess Rosa," he said and his cleverness amazed everybody, including King Michael whose third trick to defeat Empeor Dushan had failed.

The king was forced to give way and the princess and her maidens rode away with Empefor Dushan.

Ivor, the shepherd, also rode at the head of the procession in the place of honour, at the Emperor's left side.

Back in their own country, they came to the road that led to the castle of Peter and Paul. There, Ivor turned to the Emperor. "I must leave you now, uncle, for my road lies yonder", he said. "I bid you farewell and when you go riding in future take with you my two brothers, Peter and Paul, who will always be your brave bodyguards and faithful champions."

Then Emperor Dushan understood that Ivor, the shepherd, was his own third nephew and he was full of shame that he had mistrusted Peter and Paul.

"Never again will I listen to the words of others when they speak against my kinsmen," he said.





Dhanapal had to face it. He was deeply in debt and the mere thought of all the bills he owed made his head throb with pain. It was his fault, he supposed weakly. He had seen this coming as long ago as last summer, when he had foolishly borrowed money to start a cloth business, and from the very onset it had failed.

His life, he had to admit, was a dismal failure, and the sooner it ended, the better. Taking a last look round his poor abode, he made his way through the fields to the river, and without hesitation flung himself into the swirling waters.

A holy man happened to be walking along the bank of the river and catching sight of someone apparently drowning, promptly jumped in and managed to drag Dhanapal to safety.

Dhanapal did not know whe-

ther he was glad or sorry to be snatched from his watery grave. As soon as he recovered, he confessed to the holy man that as his life had been such a failure, he had decided to commit suicide.

"My son," said the holy man. "You should know that it is a sin to take your life. You are a young man and must face the future with confidence."

"I only wish I had confidence," Dhanapal stammered. The holy man merely smiled, and produced an amulet, which he handed to Dhanapal. "My son, wear this on your right wrist always and I am sure you will find the confidence you lack."

Years passed, and may be the amulet possessed some magic power, or perhaps, the holy man's words gave Dhanapal a new outlook, for he began to prosper, and now he was recog-

nized as being one of the richest merchants in the district.

Dhanapal eventually married and had one son. His business interests continued to flourish and became so big that he was forced to engage a manager. The man he appointed was, named Suresh, a capable business man, who soon proved his efficiency in looking after Dhanapal's many enterprises.

Then a sad blow descended on Dhanapal. His wife died, and before he recovered from the shock, Dhanapal contracted an incurable disease, and he knew that his life would soon come to a close.

Before he died, he sent for the village elders, and asked them to make out his will, which he insisted should be worded thus—"Until my son attains his majority, I appoint my business manager Suresh as his sole guardian and the keeper of all my properties. When my son reaches the age of twenty-one, Suresh will hand over to my son, all that Suresh would like to possess for himself. Whatever remains of my estate, I bequeath to Suresh."

The elders were shocked at the terms of Dhanapal's will, which to them, placed far too



much power in the hands of Suresh. Still, it must be said, that after Dhanapal died, Suresh brought the son up well, and engaged the best of tutors for his education.

When the son reached the age of twenty-one, he went to Suresh and asked. "Now I am of age, I presume you will hand over to me my father's properties?"

"I am afraid not," replied Suresh. "You must understand that a considerable sum has been spent on your upkeep and education. All that is left for you is the amulet your father used to wear."

The son was flabbergasted at such news. "Do you mean to tell me that I do not inherit my father's estates?"

At this Suresh jumped out of his chair and going to his desk, pulled out a paper, which he thrust under the son's nose.

"Read your father's will," he shouted. "It clearly says that everything is left to my discretion."

The son went away astounded that he was to be left penniless, and he was certain that his father never intended that Suresh should grab everything. The only answer, he thought, was to take the matter to court.

Two days later, Suresh and the youth were summoned to attend the magistrate's court. Having listened to the youth's plea, the magistrate asked to see the will, which he seemed to read with considerable interest.

Looking over the top of his glasses, the magistrate said to Suresh. "Am I to take it that you intended to carry out the wishes of your late master, as laid down in his will?"

"Most certainly," replied Suresh heatedly. "I have acted strictly in accordance with the will."

"In what way?" asked the magistrate, with a twinkle in his eyes.

"I offered his son the amulet that brought his father so much wealth," Suresh replied, "and decided to keep the rest of the estate for myself."

The magistrate beamed at Suresh. "So you decided, that apart from the talisman, you would like to possess the deceased estates. Is that correct?"

"Yes, that is correct," replied Suresh, glad that the magistrate could apparently see his point of view.

"Then" said the magistrate firmly, "According to the terms of this will, all that you would like to possess, must be handed over to the son. The only thing you did not want to possess, is the amulet. So that is all you can inherit."

At first Suresh could not believe his ears, then it slowly dawned on him that his late master was a shrewd judge of character.





In a village in Bengal, there were two brothers. The elder brother was quite a successful farmer, whilst his younger brother, whose name was Dipu, never seemed to make any headway, although he worked hard, things never seemed to go quite right.

One day, Dipu wanted to cart a lot of manure to his fields, so he went to his brother and asked if he could borrow a bullock cart.

"Every time I lend you anything, it always manages to get damaged," his brother said angrily. "Anyhow, I will lend you my bullock cart, but take good care of my prize bullocks. Be sure to bring them back before evening, and do not overwork them."

Dipu went off with the bullock cart, and towards the end of the day, when his work was

finished, he drove back to his brother's farm. On the way he wondered if these bullocks could gallop, so he gave them a taste of his whip. The next thing, the bullock cart hit a pothole, careered off the road, and struck a tree. Unfortunately for Dipu, one of the bullocks broke off one of its long curved horns.

Dipu's brother was furious when he saw his injured bullock, and promptly made a complaint to the nearest magistrate's court.

The following week the two brothers were summoned to attend the court, which was in a town about ten miles away. They journeyed there together, with Dipu receiving a tongue lashing from his brother every yard of the way.

When they arrived at this town, it was decided to spend the night at the house of a



Dipu attempts to commit suicide

friend of Dipu's brother. As the accommodation was somewhat limited, Dipu had to sleep on a hard wooden bench. Dipu just could not go to sleep; he tossed and turned all night. In the end, he fell off the bench and landed on his host's youngest son, who was sleeping on the floor, and broke the boy's leg.

The host was raging mad, and swore that Dipu had broken his son's leg out of spite. He refused to be pacified, and was determined to go to the magistrate's court and lodge a complaint for assault against Dipu.

Poor Dipu, fed up with his brother's lectures and his host's abusive tongue, dejectedly made his way to the court, wondering what his future would be. On the way, he had to go across a bridge over the river. When he was on the bridge, with his mind despairing at the thought of impending prison sentences, he decided to end his wretched life. So he jumped off the parapet into the river.

Fortunately, or unfortunately, Dipu did not land in the river. He landed straight into a small boat, in which an old fisherman lay fast asleep.

The old fisherman yelled blue murder when Dipu landed on him, which was only natural, seeing that he suffered two, cracked ribs, and innumerable bruises.

The fisherman's son, who was on the bank nearby, came running to the scene, and accused Dipu of trying to murder his father. He also hastened to the magistrate's court to swear out a complaint.

Dipu thought this was the end. All his crimes had been unintentional, for which he felt sure would mean years in prison. Well, he thought, my next crime will be intentional. As soon as

that magistrate pronounces me guilty, I will break his head. With that Dipu picked up a nice heavy stone, which he put in a bag.

At the magistrate's court, the elder brother stood up and accused his brother of wilfully injuring one of his prize bullocks. The magistrate glanced at the accused, but Dipu lifted up the bag containing the stone; so the magistrate could see the fate in store for him.

Ah! thought the magistrate, the prisoner is offering me a bribe. And by the look of that bag, it should contain plenty of money. Perhaps I should be a

little merciful.

Putting on his most learned look, the magistrate pronounced. "I order that the accused shall keep the injured bullock until such time as the horn grows again."

The elder brother was so amazed he could not speak. Then the magistrate called for the second complaint to be heard. Whilst Dipu's late host poured out a virulent tale as to how his son had been lamed and could no longer help in the house, Dipu again held up his bag for the magistrate to see.

The Magistrate with visions of untold gold and silver coming

Dipu lets the magistrate see his 'gift'



his way, quickly pronounced his judgement. "The accused will loan the plaintiff his own son, in exchange for your son, until such time as the injured boy's leg is better."

"But the accused has not got a son," the plaintiff wailed.

"Then wait until he has one," snapped the magistrate.

Now the third case was heard, and the magistrate, with his eyes glued on the bag in Dipu's hand, and his thoughts on the money soon to come his way, turned to the fisherman's son. "You say the accused deliberately jumped from the bridge upon your father," he said. "Then, you shall jump from the bridge onto the accused, who will be put in a boat under the bridge."

Having heard all the cases, the magistrate hurriedly left the court, anxious to collect his bribe. Dipu, satisfied that justice had been carried out, was all smiles, but he had not gone very far, when he was overtaken by the magistrate's clerk, who said he had come to collect the bribe that had been promised to his master.

Dipu looked frowningly at the man, then burst out laughing. "Go and tell your master

I was not offering him a bribe. I was threatening him that I would break his head, if he dared send me to prison."

As the magistrate's clerk went off, ruefully shaking his head as to what his master would have to say, the three plaintiffs walked up to Dipu.

"Look here Dipu, we feel we have all been too hasty," said his brother. "Let me keep my bullock, and our host will look after his son, and our friend here has no wish to jump off any bridge. So let bygones be bygones. But," he added, taking out a roll of notes. "Here is three hundred rupees to recompense you for all the trouble we have caused you."

Dipu went home very happy. With the three hundred rupees Dipu purchased a pair of bullocks, and somehow afterwards he managed to prosper.

Just about the time you think you can make both ends meet, somebody moves the ends (Pansy Penner)

Road maps tell a motorist everything he wants to know except how to fold them up again . . . Among other things that don't turn out quite as you expect are people who drive cars.

THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN

During my life, as all readers of CHANDAMAMA will know, I have had many strange adventures, and now would like to tell you of three more.

The first began when I was visiting the captain of a ship, anchored in the River Thames, quite close to the Tower of London. I arrived at Tower Wharf just about mid-day and there I found the sun most powerful. Being early for my appointment and feeling rather tired, I took it into my head to crawl into one of the Tower cannons to rest myself in the shade.

After a while I fell fast asleep. Now, it so happened that this was the 4th of June, the birthday of King George the Third and, to celebrate the special day, the cannons were to be fired at exactly one o'clock.

When that time arrived—BOOM! I was shot out of the cannon over the houses on the opposite side of the river into a farmer's yard somewhere in the county of Kent, where I fell



upon a large haystack without even bruising myself or waking up.

About three months afterwards, the price of hay became very dear and the farmer decided it was time to sell it. I was awakened by the sound of voices, as people climbed ladders to start at the top of the haystack. Still half asleep, and not knowing where I was, I did my best to escape. In doing so I fell with a thump on to the farmer himself. I did not suffer as much as a scratch in the fall, but the unlucky farmer had to go to bed for a fortnight.

This upset me, until I learned that the farmer was a shocking miser, who stored his hay until it became scarce and then sold it at a very high price, so he was punished for his greed and I thought is served him right.

My next adventure was with the captain of the ship, whom I should have visited on the day the Tower of London cannons were fired. He was naturally surprised to see me safe and sound after being missing for three months and invited me to go on a voyage with him to the Arctic.

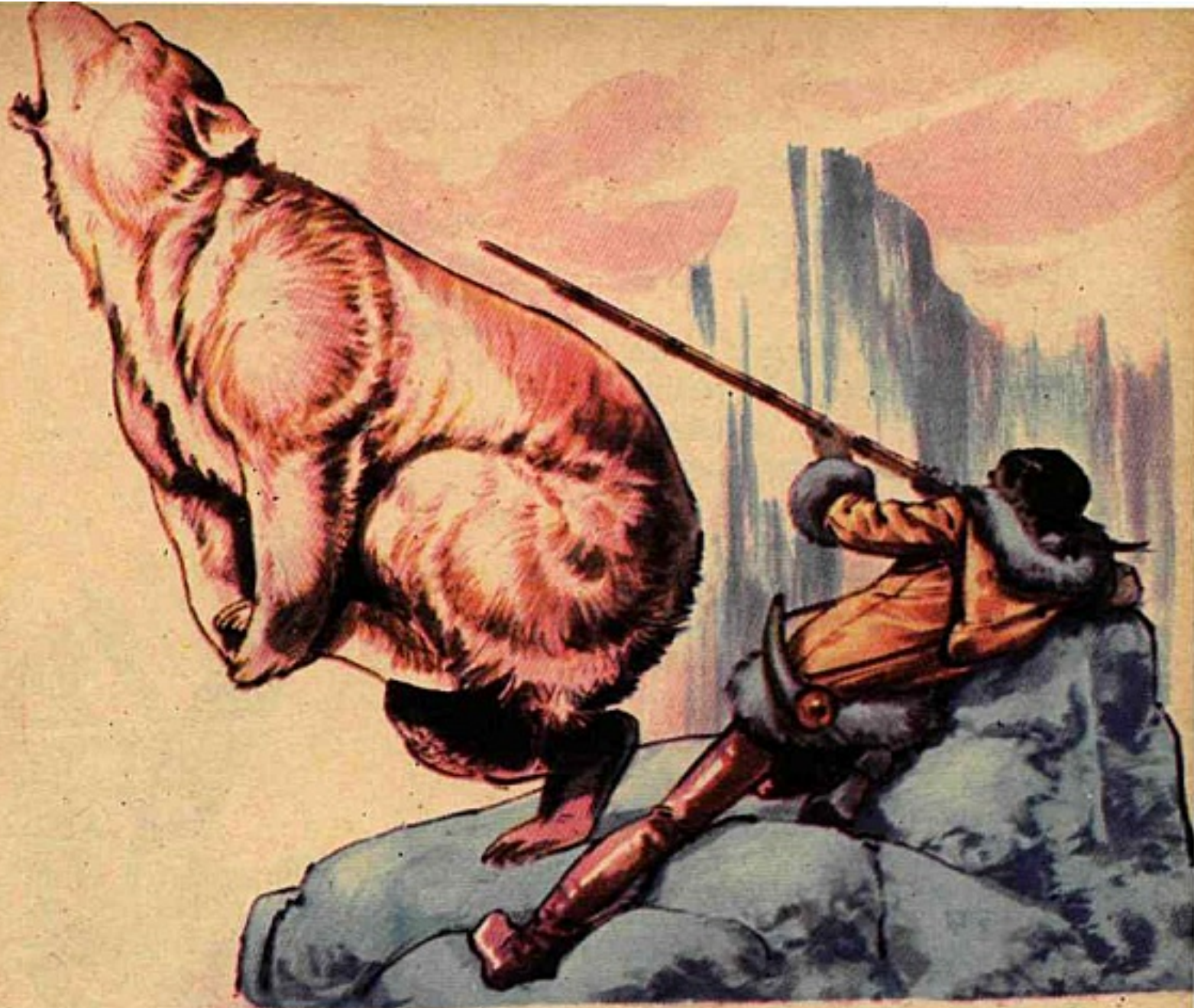
We sailed northwards for several days. It became quite

cold, and ahead of us I spotted an enormous iceberg. I could see two white polar bears upon it, and as far as I could judge, they were struggling and fighting with each other.

My captain friend agreed to stop the ship alongside the iceberg and, with my trusty rifle on my shoulder, I went closer to the two bears. On doing so, however, I found that they were not fighting, but performing a dance to keep themselves amused.

Seeing me, one of the bears turned and ran away, but the other rushed at top speed towards me, grabbed me by the shoulders and started to dance with me. It was easy for him to keep his balance, because a polar bear's paws are specially designed not to skid on slippery ice—but, of course, my own feet slithered and slid all over the place.

It was hardly my fault that I trod heavily on his toes, but the giant bear suddenly let go of me and hopped around, roaring most horribly. Just in case he became nasty, I snatched up my gun, but to my relief he turned and hopped away, having had quite enough of me as a dancing partner.



On another occasion I sailed from England in a ship bound for the East Indies and took with me one of my best hunting dogs. It was a dog that is called a pointer, because of its way of behaviour. When out hunting it will pick up the scent of a bird or animal and will stand perfectly still, with its head "pointing" in the direction of the game.

One day, when we were at least 300 miles away from land, my dog began to point. I was surprised to see that he stood in the same position for over an hour, so I told the captain that we must be close to land, for my dog had scented game. But all the thanks I got was a burst of laughter.

"My dear Baron, both myself and my officers know that we

are nowhere near land," he said.

"But my dog has never been known to make a mistake, sir," I replied. "in fact, I have such faith in him that I will bet you a hundred pounds that he is right."

The captain laughed even louder. "You cannot be feeling well, Baron," he chuckled. "Have you more confidence in your dog's sense of smell than in my officers' navigation?"

While this conversation lasted my dog never moved, so I offered my bet again, and the smiling captain agreed.

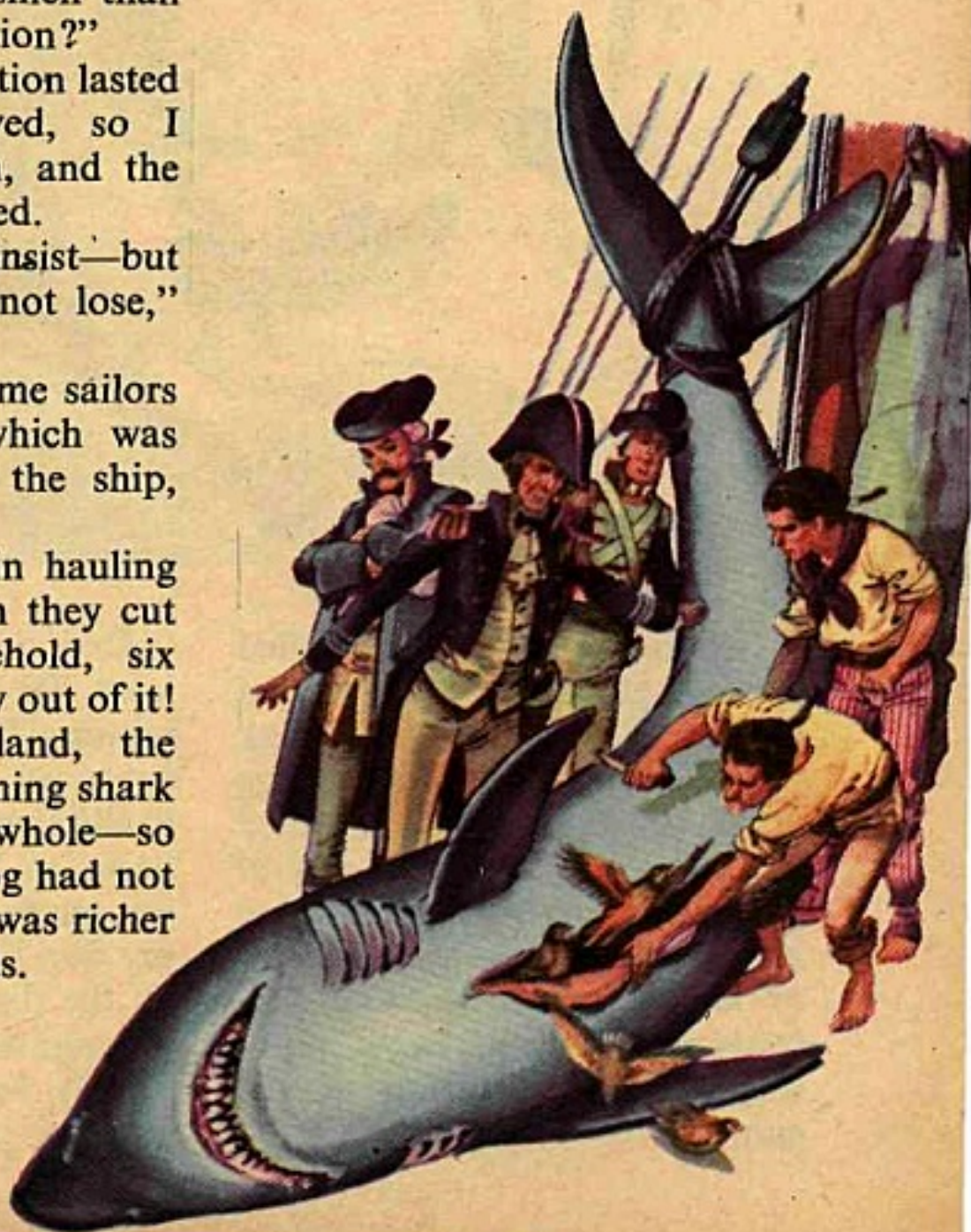
"Very well, if you insist—but it is a bet that I cannot lose," he said.

At that moment some sailors fishing in a boat, which was being towed behind the ship, caught a huge shark.

No time was lost in hauling it on deck; and when they cut it open, lo and behold, six pairs of partridges flew out of it!

When near the land, the greedy and fast-swimming shark had swallowed them whole—so my faithful pointer dog had not been mistaken, and I was richer by a hundred pounds.

They hauled the shark on deck and, lo and behold, six pairs of partridges flew out of it!





The WOLF and the MAGIC CHAIN

Asgard, high above the Earth, was the place where the Norsemen of old believed the gods lived. There stood the great palace, Valhalla, and there lived Odin, the great Allfather, who was king of all the gods.

Now in Asgard, with the gods, lived a great wolf, with huge jaws and strong, sharp teeth. He was fierce and savage, as wolves are, but Odin had allowed him to live among the gods in the hope that gentleness and kindness might in time

tame even his fierce nature. His name was Fenris-Wolf and Odin hoped that in time he might learn to be the friend of the gods.

However, as time passed, Fenris-Wolf grew no gentler. Instead he grew bigger and stronger and his teeth grew longer and sharper. Soon he was so big and strong and fierce that only Tyr, the brave god of war, dared to go near him to feed him.

Odin saw that Fenris-Wolf

would never be tamed and that he would only be a danger to the gods. "We must make a strong chain and bind him with it, so that he can do no harm to us," Odin said sadly at last, but Fenris-Wolf was now so big and powerful that only a very strong chain would bind him. Odin ordered a heavy chain, with thick, strong links, to be made and they took it to Fenris-Wolf.

"We wish to test your strength," they said to him. "Here is a chain we have made. Let us bind you with it and then see if you can break it."

Fenris-Wolf gazed at the chain. Then he allowed the gods to bind him with it, for he was not in the least afraid of it. When they had finished, he stretched his powerful muscles lazily and the chain snapped with a clinking sound and fell to the ground.

The gods crowded round and praised Fenris-Wolf and pretended to admire his strength, but they went away secretly very worried at the ease with which the great wolf had broken the chain. "We must try again," they said, so an even stronger chain was made. "Surely this will bind him," Odin said and

they took it to Fenris-Wolf.

"Here is a thicker chain," they said. "It would take great strength to break this one, for it is stronger than the other one. Let us see if you can do it."

Fenris-Wolf looked at the huge links of the chain they held out and smiled for he was not in the least afraid of it. He sat quietly and let them bind him with it. Then he got to his feet and stretched his powerful muscles. The chain held and the gods began to think that this time they were successful, but a second time Fenris-Wolf stretched his muscles, until the pressure on the chain was so great that the links burst and the chain lay in pieces around him.

Once more the gods crowded around Fenris-Wolf praising his great strength, but at heart they were all despondent, for they despaired of finding a way of chaining the great wolf up and it seemed that his strength was increasing day by day.

They held a council to discuss the problem of chaining the wolf, for he was growing so fast that it was obvious it must be done quickly and finally it was decided to send a messenger to the dwarfs, who lived in their

dark caverns beneath the Earth. The dwarfs were skilled at all kinds of metal work. They spent their day hammering away in their forges, making all kinds of wonderful things from the metals which they took from the Earth. The messenger sought out the dwarfs and told them that the gods wanted a chain which was so strong it could not be broken.





"We can do what you wish," replied the dwarfs, "but it is a difficult task to make a chain which cannot be broken and it will take many days. It cannot be done quickly."

They set to work at once to make the chain and when finally they had finished, it was fine and slender and so smooth it seemed to have been made from strands of silk. It had been forged from the roots of a rock, the sinews of a bear, the spittle of a bird, the breath of a fish and the sound of a cat's footsteps.

They gave it to the messenger and he returned at once to Asgard. The gods were delighted with it and they went at once to Fenris-Wolf and told him that they had yet another chain to test his strength.

During the time it had taken the dwarfs to forge the chain, Fenris-Wolf had grown bigger and more powerful and he was certain that no chain could bind him, so he was not at all worried. He allowed the gods to take him to an island in the middle of a lake and there they brought the fine chain which the dwarfs had sent them.

When Fenris-Wolf saw it, he became suspicious and backed

away, growling in anger at the gods who were trying to chain him. "Surely you are not afraid of being bound by a chain," taunted the gods. "No chain has been able to hold you yet. Are you afraid that your great strength has gone?"

"I do not trust your chain," growled Fenris-Wolf. "It is too fine and fragile for an ordinary chain. There is some magic in it."

The gods tried to persuade him to be bound and try his strength once again and at last he replied, "I will consent only on one condition. One of you must put his right hand in my mouth."

The gods looked at one another in horror and at first no one would agree to the wolf's condition, but at last Tyr, the brave god of war, stepped forward. He put his right hand into the wolf's mouth and only then would the wolf be quiet and allow the other gods to bind the chain around him. "Now let us see how strong you are," they said.

Fenris-Wolf stretched and stretched, but his great muscles could not burst this chain as the other had been burst. Then he struggled and strained

and fought, but however much he tried, the chain held and it only seemed to become tighter. Finally, exhausted, Fenris-Wolf realised that the gods had tricked him and he would never be free again. With a roar like thunder, he closed his jaws hard on Tyr's right hand, which was still in his mouth, and bit it off. The ground shook to his roaring and struggling, but the gods could see that the chain would hold for all time and the great wolf was no longer a danger to anyone.

They fixed the chain to a rock, so that the wolf could never break free and returned to their home in Asgard with Tyr, who by his noble deed had saved them, certain that Fenris-Wolf could now do no harm.



"What makes you think
I'm holding the telephone
upside down?"

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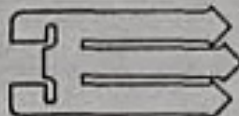


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Some animals when they are born have different coats to their parents. The reason seems to be that their baby colourings make a good camouflage protection.



Above is a baby Malayan Tapir, all stripes and spots. When it gets older these markings change into bold black and white, as you can see.



The white coat of a baby Grey Seal makes it hard to spot midst the ice and snow.